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the *Life of Johnson*. Professor Pottle admits to feeling abashed in the presence of the shade of Margaret Boswell, because of her honourable preference for "reticence and respectability," deadly enemies to biographers. Boswell married her on the same day, 25 November 1769, as Lord Auchinleck married his own first cousin on his father's side. The biography does not end on this defiant and bizarre note, Professor Pottle rightly mentioning an event almost a month later: the young newly-wed Boswells entertaining Lord Auchinleck and his bride in their own house in Edinburgh. We are left to guess at the feelings of the participants, but outwardly the Family is united.

An extraordinary young man, James Boswell, "very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad," as David Hume said. Professor Pottle sees him, and we see him, as a result, through a clear glass: "odd, eager, egotistical, boyish, sensual—and attractive." Who could resist a writer who describes his journal as going "charmingly on at present . . . words come skipping to me like lambs upon Moffat Hill"? Who could not, in turn, be repelled by the egotism and sensuality Boswell displays in getting yet another prodigious dose of clap and then infecting a mistress who believes herself to be with child? Yet attraction and repulsion are the products of Boswell's candour and ceaseless self-scrutiny, relayed to us by means of the most assured and fluent of literary styles. Professor Pottle, and all the Yale scholars who have assisted in the recovery of the Boswell *oeuvre*, are to be heartily congratulated on the appearance of a work of biography which increases knowledge of human nature so markedly and will long add to the gaiety of nations.

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G. B. Tennyson. *Sartor called Resartus*. Princeton University Press. Princeton. 1965. viii + 354 pp. \$8.50.

In spite of G. B. Tennyson's prefatory comment that "A new Carlyle may be palingenetically stirring in the ashes of the old," there is little evidence to support such hopefulness. Carlylean scholarship is today in pretty much the same condition as it was in the 1930's

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when those who excelled in mis-reading him slapped the label "Fascism" on his writings. Today, the pseudo-intelligensia of the middle-brow quarterlies and the dispensers of pop-culture "à la Muggeridge," if they bother about Carlyle at all, damn him as a woolly-headed thinker as well as for mangling the English language, filling it with Gothic grotesqueries, tongue-twisting Germanisms, serpentine sentences, and maenadic images. Certainly, if Mr. Tennyson's book does nothing else, it will convince its few readers that Carlyle was a conscious stylist who knew precisely what he was about. But it is to be hoped that with the appearance—an appearance that, like the Cheshire cat, seems forever receding—of the "definitive" edition of the correspondence of Thomas and Jane Carlyle a renaissance will take place and a few Victorian scholars will re-assess both his writings and their influence upon the poetry and prose (fictional and non-fictional) of the 19th and 20th centuries. But such an evaluation seems far off; and in the meantime we shall doubtless have to endure the same wearying platitudes and generalities in whatever articles, histories of literature, or intellectual studies they may appear.

The significance of *Sartor called Resartus* (the title derives from a poem by Carlyle) is amply suggested by its subtitle: "The Genesis, Structure, and Style of Thomas Carlyle's First Major Work." For Mr. Tennyson undertakes, in seven chapters, a complete examination of what is, of course, among the most significant spiritual autobiographies of the last century. To say that his triumph is complete would not be wholly correct; but he has thrown more light on *Sartor Resartus* than any single critic to date. Further, one must respect the intrepidity of the scholar who goes forth into the apparent jungle of Carlyle's book.

Sartor called Resartus is simply—and thus most commendably—designed. The first three chapters are background to a consideration of the book itself. In them Mr. Tennyson delineates the literary apprenticeship of Carlyle, examines his fledgling efforts as a journalist, critic, and writer of fiction; he also traces Carlyle's early addiction to the two-part and three-part divisions of his writing, thus deftly anticipating a significant structural point in *Sartor*. Also, Carlyle's essays in the *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia* and the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* are investigated and their variety of subject-matter noted as divining the richness and abundance of *Sartor*. In addition, the Germanic influences—so strong on Carlyle in the 1820's—are traced: his skill as translator, his awareness of the *märchen*, his interpretation of *entsagen*, his developing conception of the editor-translator, his sense

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of the symbolic, and his assimilation of innumerable facets of the German romantic spirit are all shown as looking forward to *Sartor*. This task Mr. Tennyson carries out with a quiet, firm authority quite uncharacteristic of younger scholars today.

Chapters four through six of *Sartor called Resartus* deal, respectively, with the structure, texture, and style of *Sartor*. In each case, the author deals sensibly with the critical problems confronting him. Although his discussion of imagery, focussing upon the recurring dualistic patterns of light and dark, clothing and nakedness, as well as upon the metaphorical implications of the Wandering Jew and the Zodiacal signs, does not reveal much that is original, it articulates and arranges those patterns in a concise and regular manner. By the same token, Mr. Tennyson deals ably with Carlyle's idiosyncratic use of parallelism, interrogation marks, inversion, italics, and exclamation points. He is especially useful, too, in the analysis of individual sentences in *Sartor*, although there are times when the investigation seems to be pursued a little too enthusiastically. But the three chapters are pertinent in that they bring together much that—in combination—convince that *Sartor Resartus* is a unified, tightly constructed, organic piece of writing. A final chapter provides a discriminating reading of the philosophical aspects of the book.

If *Sartor called Resartus* appears, by its addiction to summary, its not infrequent inclination to pursue a point to ruthless extinction, and its occasional lapses into repetition, to have the death-mask of the dissertation upon it, it is nevertheless a distinct contribution to Carlylean studies. To say that the book does not sparkle with fresh critical insights is not to condemn it either; indeed, the feverish search for the "new" in criticism has flooded the market with reams of unwanted prose. And, quite definitely, Mr. Tennyson, by showing so clearly in page after page that Carlyle fashioned in *Sartor Resartus* a highly sophisticated, thoroughly wrought work of art, puts one large, important room of the Carlylean house in order. He also draws our attention to a maligned and misunderstood man of letters whose influence upon his and our times has barely begun to be grasped by a tiny handful of scholars.

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